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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1790, and is now in its hundred and forty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, with detailed information of valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George—Peter J. Jaffey, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 11, Knights of Columbus—George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTS, No. 679, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Sullivan, President; David Mcintosh, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 2, A. O. P. W.—Robert P. Perkins, Master Worshipper; Perry H. Dayley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MELHORN LODGE, No. 32, N. R. O. P.—W. Fred Watson, Warden; Mrs. Dorothy F. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kitter G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

BROWNE LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—M. W. Culhane, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Edward L. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st and Fridays.

CLAN McLEON, No. 161—James Graham, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Commandery in Boston.

Washington Commandery, about sixty strong, under the command of Eminent Commander Joseph Haire and accompanied by the New Port Military Band, went to Boston last Wednesday to participate in the centennial celebration of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The commandery marched from the Masonic Hall to the station and presented a fine appearance. The headquarters of the commandery while in Boston was at the Parker House, where the members remained over night, returning to Newport at 11 o'clock Thursday morning. Washington Commandery participated in the big parade and received much applause for its soldierly appearance. The band too was warmly greeted, making a fine appearance in their reddish coats. The members of the local commandery enjoyed every moment of the trip and came home well pleased with their outing.

The Seventh Artillery Band of Fort Adams was the most observed band in line as it has been the object of much non-union raving for the past few weeks. Notwithstanding the withdrawal of some of the union bands there was a super-abundance of music of the highest order, many government bands being engaged after the withdrawal of the union bands.

Today (Saturday) surrounded by relatives and loving friends Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is quietly celebrating the eighty-sixth anniversary of her birth and receiving gifts, congratulatory letters and congratulations from all sources. Mrs. Howe is enjoying remarkable health for her advanced years.

Admiral Thomas paid an official visit to U. S. cruiser Minneapolis on Tuesday. The Minneapolis will shortly start on a trip to European waters.

Men are working day and night on the new building for the telephone exchange and it will soon be ready for occupancy.

Mr. William R. Hunter has bought a large touring automobile and came from Boston in it yesterday with Mrs. Hunter.

Dr. H. H. Luther has resigned his position as tenor soloist at the Central Baptist Church, to take effect June 1st.

Miss Annie Cottrell of this city sailed for France on Thursday on steamer Le Bretagne, to be absent about six weeks.

Mr. Ernst Voigt is entertaining his father, Mr. Carl Voigt, of Germany. Mr. Voigt is nearly 80 years of age.

Rev. W. B. Heeney Called.

Rev. William B. Heeney of Belleville, Ontario, has been extended a unanimous call to become rector of St. George's Church of this city. This action was taken at a meeting of the corporation on Monday evening and Mr. Heeney has announced that he will accept the call. He had spent two weeks in Newport and created a very favorable impression while here.

Mr. Heeney is a native of the Province of Quebec and is about 32 years of age. He is a graduate of the Montreal Diocesan College, where he took high honors, being valedictorian of his class. He has had considerable experience in active field work, having been traveling secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. He is at present curate in charge of Christ Church, Belleville, Ontario.

The captured cruiser Reina Mercedes, which was wrested from the Spaniards by Admiral Sampson's ships at the battle of Santiago, has arrived in this city and is moored at the inside wharf at Coasters Harbor Island where she will be the station ship for the apprentices of the Naval Training Station. The Mercedes does not look like a graceful cruiser. Her high masts have been removed and in their place are spars for signalling. Her engines have been removed and her smoke stacks have disappeared, while over the deck has been erected a roof. The parts to the Reina Mercedes cost \$145,000 and her equipment as a receiving ship is now said to be the best in the navy.

The weather of the past week has been generally clear but decidedly too cold for the time of year. The farmers say that they need both rain and warm sun in order to bring forward the crops. The season is quite backward. The prolonged dry weather leads to the fear that we may get the rain during the summer months just at the time when it would be most unpropitious for a summer resort. If the resorts in this vicinity have to go through another season as cold and disagreeable as the last two business will suffer greatly.

Mrs. Thomas R. Hunter celebrated the eighty-sixth anniversary of her birth on Tuesday at her residence on Rhode Island avenue, where a large gathering of relatives and friends assembled to offer congratulations. Mrs. Hunter was the recipient of gifts and flowers and greeted her guests most cordially. Mrs. Hunter's three daughters were present, as were also her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, of Stamford, Conn. A collation was served.

Lazurus Brown, a Greek fisherman from this city, was washed ashore at Point Judith Sunday evening and when found by men there he was completely exhausted and almost overcome by exposure. He was taken to the Life Saving Station and there was given stimulants and dry clothing. He was upset in a skiff and reached shore after much difficulty. He was brought to Newport in a fishing boat.

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Recent Deaths.

George B. Field.

Mr. George B. Field died very suddenly at his home on Powel avenue at early hour Thursday morning. He was at the store as usual Wednesday evening and was apparently as well as usual. He was seen by Officer Schneider a little before 9 o'clock and the next time Schneider passed the store he saw that Mr. Field was in bad condition, leaning heavily over a show window. The officer sent a hurry call for the ambulance and for Dr. Darragh and Mr. Field was removed to his home on Powel avenue. He never regained consciousness and passed away a little after one o'clock Thursday morning, death being due to apoplexy.

Mr. Field was one of the well known business men of the city, having been a partner in the firm of H. A. Heath & Company since 1869. He was born in Providence nearly sixty-one years ago. In his earlier years he traveled around considerably and was at one time engaged in ranching in the West. He had considerable experience in book-keeping in banks and corporations, and by close application he became an expert engraver, one of the best in the country.

Mr. Field is survived by a sister, Mrs. Henry A. Heath, and one brother, Mr. Charles W. Field of Orlando, Florida. He was never married.

Funeral services will be held at the residence of Mr. H. A. Heath on Powel avenue this afternoon, Saturday.

Anthony Manuel.

Mr. Anthony Manuel died at his home on Bull street on Sunday after a brief illness. On Saturday he suffered a stroke of apoplexy and passed away the next day. He was in his sixtieth year. Mr. Manuel was very well known throughout the city, where he had spent practically all his life. When a young man he was employed in various capacities in Newport, and was for a time clerk at the United States Naval Academy when it was located here. He was employed for a number of years at the wharf of the Old Colony Steamboat Company here and in Fall River. He was a paper hanger and decorator by trade. He is survived by a widow, one son, Mr. Harry S. Manuel, and three daughters, Miss Annie Manuel of this city and Mrs. James S. White of Providence and Mrs. Edward Sitterly of Brooklyn.

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Police Commission Upheld.

An important decision of the

The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY
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Edward J. Clode

CHAPTER XII CONTINUED.

"Oh, come quick! Our water! The casks have burst!"

It was not until Jenks had torn the tarpaulin from off their stores and he was wildly striving with both hands to scoop up some precious drops collected in the small hollows of the ledge that he realized the full magnitude of the disaster which had befallen them.

During the first rapid exchange of fire before the enemy vacated the cliff, several bullets had pierced the tarpaulin. By a stroke of exceeding bad fortune two of them had struck each of the water barrels and started the staves. The contents quietly ebbed away beneath the broad sheet and, flowing inward by reason of the sharp slope of the ledge, percolated through the fruit. Iris, and he, notwithstanding their frenzied efforts, were not able to save more than a pint of gritty discolored blood. The rest, infinitely more valuable to them than all the diamonds of De Beers, was now oozing through the natural channel cut by centuries of storm, dripping upon the headless skeleton in the cave, soaking down to the very heart of their buried treasure.

Jenks was so paralyzed by this catastrophe that Iris became alarmed. As yet she did not grasp its awful significance. That he, her hero, so brave, so confident in the face of many dangers, should betray such sense of irredeemable loss frightened her much more than the incident itself.

Her lips whitened. Her words became incoherent.

"Tell me," she whispered. "I can bear anything but silence. Tell me, I implore you. Is it so bad?"

The sight of her distress sobered him. He ground his teeth together as a man does who submits to a painful operation and resolves not to flinch beneath the knife.

"It is very bad," he said; "not quite the end, but near it."

"The end," she bravely answered, "is death! We are living and uninjured. You must fight on. If the Lord wills it we shall not die."

He looked in her blue eyes and saw there the light of heaven. Her glance did not droop before his. In such moments heart speaks to heart without confinement.

"We still have a little water," she cried. "Fortunately we are not thirsty. You have not forgotten our supply of champagne and brandy?"

He could only fall in with her unreflective mood and leave the dreadful truth to its own evil time. In their little nook the power of the sun had not yet muted itself. By ordinary computation it was about 9 o'clock. Long before noon they would be grilling. Throughout the next few hours they must suffer the torture of Dyaks with one meager pint of water to share between them. Of course the wine and spirit must be slumped like a pestilence. To touch either under such conditions would be court-martial, impunity and death. And next day?

He tightened his jaws before he answered:

"We will console ourselves with a bottle of champagne for dinner. Meanwhile I hear our friends shouting to those left on this side of the island. I must take an active interest in the conversation."

He grasped a rifle and lay down on the ledge, already gratefully warm. There was a good deal of sustained shouting going on. Jenks thought he recognized the chief's voice giving instructions to those who had come from Smugglers' cove and were now standing on the beach near the quarry.

"I wonder if he is hungry," he thought. "If so, I will interfere with the commissariat."

He peeped forth at him.

"Mr. Jenks!"

"Yes," without turning his head. He knew it was an ordinary question.

"May I come too?"

"Wait, expose yourself on the ledge!"

"Yes, even that. I am so tired of sitting here alone."

"Well, there is no danger at present. But they might chance to see you, and you remember what I..."

"Yes, I remember quite well. If that is all!" There was a rustle of garments. "I am very nannish in appearance. If you promise not to look at me I will join you."

"I promise."

Jenks stepped forth. She was flushed a little, and, to cover her confusion, she picked up a rifle.

"Now there are two guns," she said as she stood near him.

He could see through the tail of his eye that a slight but elegantly proportioned young gentleman of the seafaring profession had suddenly appeared from nowhere. He was glad she had taken this course. It might better the position were the Dyaks to see her thus.

"The moment I tell you you must fall flat," he warned her. "No ceremony about it. Just flop!"

"I don't know anything better yet," she laughed. "Not yet did the tragedy of the broken legs appeal to her."

"Yet, but it achieves its purpose in two ways. I want you to adopt the precautionary method."

"Trust me for that. Good gracious!"

The sailor's rifle went off with an unexpected bang that froze the exclamation on her lips. Three Dyaks were attempting to run the gauntlet to their beleaguered comrades. They carried a jar and two wicker baskets. He with the jar fell and broke it. The others doubled back like hares, and the first man dragged himself after them. Jenks did not fire again.

Iris watched the wounded wretch crawling along the ground. Her eyes

were an instant readiness to warn her companion of the slightest movement among the trees or by the rocks to the northwest, this being the arc of their periphery assigned to her.

Looking at a sunlit space from cover and looking at the same place when swathing in the direct rays of a tropical sun are kindred operations strangely diverse in achievement. Iris could not reconcile the physical sensitiveness of the hour with the careless hardihood of the preceding days. Her eyes ached somewhat, for she had tilted her son-wester to the back of her head in the effort to cool her throbbing temples. She put up her right hand to shade the too vivid reflection of the glistening sea and was astounded to find that in a few minutes the back of her hand was scorched. A faint sound of distant shouting disturbed her painful reverie.

"How is it," she asked, "that we feel the heat so much today? I had hardly noticed it before."

"For two good reasons—forced idleness and radiation from this confounded rock. Moreover, this is the hottest day we have experienced on the island. There is not a breath of air, and the hot weather has just commenced."

"Don't you think," she said huskily, "that our position here is quite hopeless?"

They were talking to each other sideways. The sailor never turned his gaze from the southern end of the valley.

"It is no more hopeless now than last night or this morning," he replied.

"But suppose we are kept here for several days?"

"That was always an unpleasant probability."

"We had water then. Even with an ample supply it would be difficult to hold out. As things are, such a course seems simply impossible."

Her despondency pierced his soul. A slow agony was consuming her.

"It is hard, I admit," he said. "Nevertheless you must bear up until night falls; then we will either obtain water or leave this place."

"Surely we can do neither."

"We may be compelled to do both."

"But how?"

In this his hour of extremest need the man was rousified a shred of luck. Before he could frame a feeble pretext for his too sanguine prediction a sampan appeared 800 yards from Turtle beach, strenuously paddled by three men. The vague hallooing they had heard was explained.

The Dyaks, though to the manner born, were weary of sun scorched rocks and salt water. The boat was coming in response to their signals, and the sight inspired Jenks with fresh hope. Like a lightning flash came the reflection that if he could keep them away from the well and destroy the sampan now hastening to their assistance, perhaps conveying the bulk of supplies, they would soon tire of slaking their thirst on the few pitchers plants growing on the north shore.

"Come quick!" he shouted, adjusting the back sight of a rifle. "Lie down and aim at the front of that boat, a little short if anything. It doesn't matter if the bullets strike the sea first."

He placed the weapon in readiness for her and commenced operations himself before Iris could reach his side. Soon both rifles were pitching twenty shots a minute at the sampan. The result of their long range practice was not long in doubt. The Dyaks danced from seat to seat in a state of wild excitement. One man was buried overboard. Then the craft lurched seaward in the strong current, and Jenks told Iris to leave the rest to him.

Before he could empty a second magazine a fortunate bullet ripped a plank out and the sampan filled and went down amid a shrill yell of exertion from the back of the cliff. The two Dyaks yet living endeavored to swim ashore, half a mile through shark infested reefs. The sailor did not even trouble about them. After a few frantic struggles each doomed wretch flung up his arms and vanished. In the clear atmosphere the onlookers could see black fins cutting the pell-mell sea.

They were quieting down—the thirst fiend was again slowly sullying their veins—when something of a dirty white color fluttered into sight from behind the base of the opposite cliff. It was rapidly withdrawn, to reappear after an interval. Now it was held more steadily and a brown arm became visible. As Jenks did not fire, a turbaned head popped into sight. It was the Mohammedan.

"No shoot it," he roared. "Me English speak it."

"Then help me and my friend to escape. Compel your chief to leave the

sailor, but her face was blood stained, and Jenks wore a six weeks' stubble of beard. Holding their rifles with alert ease, with revolvers strapped to their sides, they presented a warlike and imposing tableau in their inaccessibile perch. In the path of the embassies lay the bodies of the ship. The Dyak leader scowled again as he passed them.

"Saib," began the Indian, "my chief, Taung S'Ali, does not wish to have any more of his men killed in a foolish quarrel about a woman. Give her up, he says, and he will either leave you here in peace or carry you safely to some place where you can find a ship manned by white men."

"A woman?" said Jenks scornfully. "That is idle talk! What woman is here?"

This question perplexed the native.

"The woman whom the chief saw half a month back, saib."

Taung S'Ali was bewitched. I slew his men so quickly that he saw spirits."

The chief caught his name and broke in with a question. A volley of talk between the two was enlivened with expressive gestures by Taung S'Ali, who several times pointed to Iris, and Jenks now anathematized his thoughtless folly in permitting the Dyak to approach so near. The Mohammedan, of course, had never seen her and might have persuaded the other that in truth there were two men only on the rock.

His fears were only too well founded.

The Mussulman saluted respectfully and said:

"Protector of the poor, I cannot gainsay your word, but Taung S'Ali says that the maid stands by your side and is none the less the woman he seeks in that she wears a man's clothing."

"He has sharp eyes, but his brain is addled," retorted the sailor. "Why does he come here to seek a woman who is not of his race? Not only has he brought death to his people and narrowly escaped it himself, but he must know that any violence offered to us will mean the extermination of his whole tribe by an English warship. Tell him to take away his boats and never visit this Isle again. Perhaps I will then forget his treacherous attempt to murder us while we slept last night."

The chief glared defiantly, while the Mohammedan said:

"Saib, it is best not to anger him too much. He says he means to have the girl. He saw her beauty that day, and she inflamed his heart. She has cost him many lives, but she is worth a sultan's ransom. He cares not for warships. They cannot reach his village in the hills. By the tomb of Nizam-ud-din, saib, he will not harm you if you give her up, but if you refuse he will kill you both. And what is one woman more or less in the world that she should cause strife and bloodletting?"

The sailor knew the eastern character too well not to understand the man's amazement that he should be so solicitous about the fate of one of the weaker sex. It was seemingly useless to offer terms, yet the native was clearly so anxious for an amicable settlement that he caught at a straw.

"You come from Delhi?" he asked.

"Honored one, you have great wisdom."

"None but a Delhi man swears by the tomb on the road to the Kutch. You have escaped from the Andamans?"

"Saib, I did but stay a man in self defense."

"Whatever the cause, you can never again see India. Nevertheless you would give many years of your life to mix once more with the bazaar folk."

The brown skin assumed a sallow tinge.

"That is good speaking," he gurgled.

"Then help me and my friend to escape. Compel your chief to leave the

sailor."

"None but a Delhi man swears by the tomb on the road to the Kutch. You have escaped from the Andamans?"

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HAND IN HAND.

WHERE YOU FIND ONE, YOU'LL FIND THE OTHER.

Health and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy are good Companions; they travel together hand in hand, and where you find one you'll find the other.

The countless testimonials received by the Doctor from sufferers who have been cured of the numerous diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Female Weaknesses, is splendid proof of this fact.

Put some urine in a small glass and let it stand 24 hours; if it has a sediment; if it is pale or discolored, cloudy orropy; your kidneys and bladder are sick and there is no medicine in existence that has made such remarkable cures as Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. If you are doubtful, it will only cost you the price of a postal card TO DISPEL THAT DOUBT.

It is a matter of absolute indifference to us how many physicians or specialists have prescribed for you without bringing you relief; write your full name and address on a postal card and send it to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., and you will receive absolutely free, a trial bottle of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, of sufficient quantity to convince you of its rapid relieving powers, and that a continuation of its use will cure any disease of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S ROSE JELLY radical cure Cather. Hay Fever and Cold in Head, &c.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This is done in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 5. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. MCLENNAN,

184 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Farmers & Gardeners

Attention!

GARDEN SEED.

The large increase from year to year in this department has proven that the

H. C. ANTHONY'S SEEDS.

are reliable. They have been tested and have proven first quality in every respect. This talk about local grown seed has been good but has been carried to the extreme. Some kinds of seeds grown on this Island are of the very best, and all kinds of seeds that are planted to raise seeds from, cannot be raised successfully in one locality. This is one of the reasons why Mr. Anthony's seeds are the best. What seeds our soil is adapted to are raised here; the others are raised by him in other localities.

None are better.

For sale by

Fernando Barker,

BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1905.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels, \$4.50

18 bushels, \$2.25

Common, delivered.

36 bushels, \$3.50

18 bushels, \$1.75

Price at works.

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, \$10 for 100 bushel.

Common, 9c. a bushel, \$8 for 100 bushel.

Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co.

TRUCKERS

—AND—

General Forwarders.

Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Carting.

Accessible by Telephone at any and all hours.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 30 Bellevue Avenue

BRANCH OFFICES, 272 Thames Street and

New York Freight Depot.

Telephone 371-2.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

Contractor

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobs

being promptly attended to.

Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

TRICKS OF THE MULE

HOW THE OLD STAGERS WOULD DODGE THE CINCHING PROCESS.

The Bell Mage and the Way She Would Lead the Clan—The Adventures of a Herd With a Survey Expedition During a Total Solar Eclipse.

An old member of the Hayden geological survey was recalling some of his days on the trail. He said:

"It was then that I learned the ingenious tricks of the mule, one of the most intelligent animals living. It was in 1875 that I joined the survey. All connected with the expedition were ordered to round up at the Davis ranch, twelve miles from Cheyenne, the home ranch of one of those cattle companies whose herds then ranged from British Columbia to Texas. When I arrived I found a scene that resembled the camping places of an army.

"A little way off on the prairie was being herded the enormous bunch of mules that was to transport the expedition. The packers were occupied in agreeing upon and cutting out the mules to be assigned to each division.

They would ride first one and then another to determine the very best saddle, and these they would calmly appropriate for themselves. The packer of those days was a very important personage, and the Hayden survey engaged only those of the highest rank. The mules employed were the most desirable for packing purposes, the Spanish mule, weighing 700 or 800 pounds, sure footed, strong and good travelers. They were very intelligent and after a short time became extremely cunning in avoiding the duties required.

"First, as the regular hour for saddling approached they would steal away and hide behind some rock or clump of bushes. As preparations were made for cinching, they would watch cautiously, and at the first tug of the cinch they would bow their sides in the direction of the operator, at the same time inhaling to the fullest extent. An old mule that had become really scientific at the business will keep an inexperienced packer busy clutching and reching for two hours and then only to find that the operation must be repeated in the first half mile after leaving camp. The only way to thwart his purpose is to wait a few moments till the mule is off his guard and then quickly gather in the slack or the 'off' packer to turn him suddenly to the left, destroying his attitude of resistance.

"Accompanying each train of mules is always a horse of some description, preferably white or gray, wearing a cow bell and commonly designated as the 'bell mare.' The mules will follow this animal as a colt follows its mother and in cases of peril or distress on its part will manifest the anguish of a child over its parents.

"Once on the survey in crossing a marshy drain the bell mare became mired. A mule near her, discovering it, immediately gave the alarm. Instantly the whole train, with the packs on their backs, rushed to the rescue. They huddled about the bell mare in a circle and brayed until the very hills re-echoed with their lamentations. The packers in their attempts to extricate the mare were nearly trampled under foot by the excited mules, which in their efforts to assist rapidly became wild themselves. It required the united efforts of the whole Hayden survey to hold them back until the packers could liberate the mare.

The packers having been thus accomplished in the finest manner, the members of the family secured torches and, accompanied by the nine llamas, all making night hideous with cries and beating of instruments, escorted the patient to another tent, where she fell asleep, to awaken later without her fever. The incantations succeeded, the illness did not return. —Youth's Companion.

DRIVING OUT A DEMON.

Queer Means by Which Tartar Lamas Cured a Fever.

On the plains of Tartary, the "land of grass," the struggles between good spirits and demons often occasion considerable annoyance for the ignorant tribesmen and afford profitable employment for the lamas. Peres Ilou and Gabet, French travelers who crossed them threescore or more years ago, witnessed the struggles of the learned men to drive out one of the demons.

The aunt of the chief of an encampment in the valley of the dark waters was ill of a fever. Her nephew waited in patience, but she did not get well, and at last he entreated in the llamas. His worst fears were confirmed. A demon of considerable rank was present in her and must be cast out, a task for which the lamas would need to be well paid. Eight others were at once called by the first, and together they made from dried herbs an ointment which they called the "balm of Intermediate fevers." This image they put in the patient's tent.

An hour before midnight the llamas ranged themselves in a semicircle in one end of the tent, with cymbals, scells, bells, tambourines and other noisy instruments. The remainder of the family made up the circle, while the patient crouched opposite the image of the demon. The chief lama had before him a copper basin filled with millet and some little paste images. The tent was full of smoke from the hearth fire.

Upon a given signal the clerical orchestra began a noisy overture, the bystanders beating time with their hands. The diabolical concert over, the llamas opened the book of exorcisms and began chanting the forms.

From time to time he scattered millet to the four points of the compass. Sometimes he would quit the regular cadence of prayer and indulge in an outburst of apparently inhuman rage, abusing the herb image with fierce invective and furious gestures.

The lay congregation, having started up, ran out of the tent and three times circled round it, beating it with sticks and yelling in the most blood curdling manner all the while, and then re-entered the tent as precipitately as they had quitted it. Then, while the others hid their faces, the grand lama set fire to the herb image and carried it from the tent into the plain, where he watched it burn and anathematized it. In the tent the other llamas tranquilly chanted prayers in a solemn tone.

The expulsion having been thus accomplished in the finest manner, the members of the family secured torches and, accompanied by the nine llamas, all making night hideous with cries and beating of instruments, escorted the patient to another tent, where she fell asleep, to awaken later without her fever. The incantations succeeded, the illness did not return. —Youth's Companion.

Not an Odious Comparison.

The head clerk had been invited to an afternoon wedding and in order to save time appeared at the office in the morning fully "groomed" for the ceremony. As he threw aside his overcoat he was disclosed in all the majesty of a swaggy frock coat of the latest cut, gray trousers fashionably creased, patent leather shoes and white puttee.

His position in the office made him immune from comments by the underlings, who however, regarded him with serio comic admiration and longed to say what they felt.

But the barrier was broken a few minutes after the day's business had begun and by a friend who dropped in for a moment's chat. He was somewhat lacking in dignity, for which the clerks blessed him.

"Good morning, George," he said cheerily to the head clerk. Then as he took a second glance at the sartorial "dream" he added: "Great Scott! What's up? You look like a certified check."

And even the head clerk joined in the general burst of laughter.—New York Press.

Animals in Art.

"Sheep are in strong demand in the picture market," said the manager of a department store art gallery. "If I were a painter of animal studies I would confine my work entirely to pictures of sheep. They sell better than any other animal pictures. I suppose it is that sheep lend themselves to more artistic poses than other quadruped subjects. They can be more effectively grouped, and the contour of their bodies is in soft and rounded lines well adapted to artistic work. Then sentiment is a factor in the popularity of these pictures. The women and children always are attracted by them, especially by pictures of sheep lost in a storm which appeal to their sympathies. Cows are a poor second to sheep in popularity, and the demand for horses is very light. The horse is somewhat conventional subject and one very difficult to portray artistically, while the sheep can be easily and effectively introduced into a picture."—Philadelphia Record.

The Real Dick Turpin.

The real hero of Dick Turpin's ride to York is said to have been a highwayman named William Nevison, who was born at Pontefract in 1833. The story goes that on one occasion Nevison robbed a gentleman at Gadshill, then rode to Gravesend, crossed the Thames and galloped to Chelmsford. After halting here he pushed on to Cambridge and Godmanchester, thence to Huntingdon, where he waited his mare again and slept an hour.

Afterward he took to the North road, reached York the same afternoon, changed his clothes, went to the bowling green and made himself an object of notice to the lord mayor.

Being subsequently charged with the robbery, he cited the lord mayor as a witness and was acquitted on the supposition that it was impossible for a man to be at two such remote places as Gadshill and York on the same day.

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Africans Wash, but Never Wipe.

Great attention is given in most of the African tribes to the care of the body. The teeth are cleansed with a stick which has been chewed into a kind of brush. The hands are washed frequently, not by turning and twisting and rubbing them together, one within the other, as with us, but by a straight up and down rubbing, such as is given to the other limbs. This manner of washing is so characteristic that an African might be distinguished by it from a European without reference to the color. The sun is their only

Ordinary sour buttresses, a lemon-tonic, is a better food, than was ever bottled or boxed up by the chemist or doctor. Many a farmer drives miles away to see a doctor, to get a bottle of pepsi or red liver oil or beef extract when at the same time he is feeding to his calves good, rich, nutritious butter-milk, a thousand times better for him than the stuff the doctor will give him.—Medical Talk.

A Disturber.

"What a nice little boy!" said the minister, who was making a call. "Won't you come and shake hands, my son?"

"Naw!" snapped the nice little boy.

"My gracious! Don't you like me?"

"Naw! I had ter git me hands an' face washed just because you come."—Philadelphia Press.

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A Disturber.

Established by Franklin in 1765.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181. Home Telephone 1040.

Saturday, May 27, 1905.

Newport will have a great Memorial Day next Tuesday, according to present appearances.

It is the abuses of railways that the government proposes to regulate in the interest of all concerned. The proper uses of railways will be facilitated by the operation.

The job of digging a canal on the Isthmus has always been known to be a big one. Uncle Sam is ready to tackle difficulties and to dispose of fresh ones if they arise.

While discussing the question of municipal ownership, it would be well to remember that's a great deal of poor material has turned up in the position of mayor in American cities.

New York claims that by 1920 it will be the most popular city in the world. By 2020 St. Louis expects to assume the honor. The latter date is too far off to interest most of us.

A big fight between the Russians and the Japs is momentarily expected both by land and sea. It is quite possible that the coming conflict may be so decisive one way or the other as to bring the war to a close.

A New England paper claims to have seen "a dry, invisible noiseless thunderstorm." The days are coming when a cool sizzler or wet drought would be more to the purpose, says an exchange from the wild and woolly West.

The 120 young women who drew homesteads of 160 acres each in the Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, are offered numerous options on husbands, but are careful not to commit themselves without applying the rule that there ought to be more in the man than in the land.

The Republicans having won out in the late town election in that old Democratic stronghold, the town of Slaton, their opponents now cry "bribery" and say the Republicans bought the town. They have a good deal of politics to the square inch in many of the country towns of the State.

The parade in Boston on Wednesday of eight thousand Knights Templars of the two states of Massachusetts and Rhode Island showed a body of men that would do credit to any state or nation. It was the universal verdict that no finer appearing body of men ever marched through the streets of the city of Boston.

The increase of business on the New Haven railroad system in the past seven or eight years has been wonderful. The number of passengers carried by the system in 1898 was 41,000,000. In 1903 it had risen to 64,000,000, an increase of over 50 per cent. The freight earnings of the system have nearly doubled in the last seven years. If the plans contemplated by President Mellon are carried out the increase of business for the next ten years will be phenomenal.

The Philadelphia Inquirer has discovered that there is a demand all over the country for farmers. It says: "There is a demand from all over the country for more farmers. There is plenty of soil that has never been scratched and can be made to pay excellent returns. The man who in these days prefers living in a close office to making a living on a farm is to be pitied. There are farmers awaiting the vigorous young men who go West or South and get their sustenance direct from Mother Nature, instead of paying so much to the middlemen."

The registration of voters in this city as well as in the state, close June 30, leaving about a month in which to prepare for citizenship for the year to come. All non-taxpayers must register before the above date or they cannot participate in any election this fall or for a year from this time. The duty incumbent upon this class of citizens of going to the city hall and writing their name in a book in the city clerk's office is not an arduous one but it is an important one and should not be neglected. It costs nothing but the time required in signing the book.

Rhode Island is not the only state where more money is needed to carry on its business. The New Bedford Standard says: The present legislature of Massachusetts is characterized as a record breaker in the spending of money. A state tax of from \$3,700,000 to \$4,000,000 is predicted by men who have closely watched the progress of legislation. If the amount reaches no more than the smaller figure, there will be the largest state tax the state has known in thirty-eight years. A very large share of the increase is for the purpose of caring for the unfortunate distressed and criminal population of the state, which is continually growing more and more expensive, partly because the ways of caring for it are growing costlier and partly because that population steadily increases. Advancing civilization ought to make all these elements less, but in this respect civilization belies its name.

The state tax of Massachusetts has already been fixed at \$4,000,000, which is an advance of \$1,500,000 over last year. —Ed.

Appellate Court.

The cases in the appellate division of the supreme court which require only one judge were heard this week, the court opening on Monday with Judge Blodgett presiding. These were mostly divorce cases and the court has set her all the week. As this is the last time that there will be a session of the supreme court in this city there was considerable business brought before it.

The first case heard was the divorce case of Pauline O. Townsend vs. John R. Townsend, Col. Honey appearing for the petitioner. The divorce is asked on the ground of neglect to provide. Evidence was in the nature of depositions taken before Judge Franklin. Col. Honey took the stand himself and stated that his client's residence in Rhode Island was a bona fide one.

Lucetta S. MacGlove vs. James MacGlove was a Block Island divorce case in which desertion on the part of the respondent was alleged. His present whereabouts are unknown and he may have been killed in a railroad accident.

James Ellis vs. Mary Ellis was a Jamestown divorce case, desertion being alleged. The respondent was last heard from in Jamestown. The decree was granted, Clark Burdick appearing for the petitioner.

Julia A. Littlefield petitioned for a divorce from J. Eugene Littlefield of Block Island on the ground of extreme cruelty. Depositions of witnesses claimed that the conduct of the wife was good while the husband is alleged to have called her bad names and to have struck her with his hand.

In the afternoon more divorce cases were tried. Estella R. Barry vs. Michael F. Barry was a Portsmouth case in which cruelty was alleged. Petition was granted. Col. Sheffield was counsel for petitioner.

Marie E. Johnson vs. Sven Johnson was a petition for divorce on the ground of non-support. Petitioner claimed that her husband had contributed little or nothing to her support for several years. The court took the papers for consideration. John Cremin, alleged that his wife, Winifred Cremin, to whom he was married in New York, left him very soon after the marriage. He had no marriage certificate and the court took the case under consideration. In the case of Sarah A. Northup vs. Herbert W. Northup the allegation was drunkenness and divorce was granted. Judge Franklin appeared for the petitioner.

Mary J. Johnson sought a divorce from George L. Johnson on the ground of non-support, and the court granted the petition. The case of Celeste E. Fayerweather vs. Charles F. D. Fayerweather, Jr., was uncontested, the petitioner alleging neglect to provide. The finances of the respondent were inquired into in regard to his ability to support his child and pay a weekly alimony to the petitioner. In the Tiverton case of Joseph Caya vs. Arturo Caya divorce was granted on the ground of adultery. The case of Jennie May Gruner vs. Paul Gruner was given a hearing and subsequently divorce was granted. Judge Franklin appeared for the petitioner.

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On Tuesday the divorce case of Jessie L. Nicol vs. Alexander Nicol was put on. This was a long case and occupied much of the time of the court for several days. The allegation was cruelty and there was much said in relation to money matters. The case was contested, cruel treatment being alleged on both sides. Col. Sheffield represented the petitioner and Mr. Thornley the respondent. On Thursday the court announced its decision that petitioner should receive separate maintenance and custody of the child on the ground of cruelty, and the respondent's claim is dismissed.

On Wednesday the court ordered separate maintenance in the case of Annie L. Butler vs. John L. Butler on the ground of cruelty and continued drunkenness. Hedwig Carlson sought a divorce from Edward Carlson on the ground of extreme cruelty. This case was contested and many witnesses were called. Granted with custody of child.

Julia A. Allison was granted a divorce from Charles R. Allison now in Norfolk, Va. Custody of child goes to petitioner. Bessie A. Thompson vs. James M. Thompson was heard. This is an uncontested case presented by Mr. Harvey on the ground of desertion. Decision was reserved. In Emma D. Mc. Kenna vs. Joseph Mc. Kenna divorce was granted and custody of the child, Mr. Levy for petitioner.

Thomas Johnson vs. Theresa Johnson was a suit for divorce, drunkenness and desertion being alleged. Decision for the petitioner. Evelyn B. Armit was granted a divorce from Robert J. Armit on the ground of continued drunkenness. Col. Sheffield represented the petitioner and Mr. Nolan the respondent. The parties lived two months in Mexico and then the wife left on account of the dissipated habits of the respondent.

Divorce was granted to Hannah C. Sisson from Alfred Greene Sisson and custody of child. The same decision was announced in the case of Juliet Jigger vs. Harry Albert Jigger.

A number of final decrees were entered.

On Friday the court adjourned sine die. It was the last session in this city of the highest court in the State and was the 258th session of the supreme court here. Judge John T. Blodgett, the presiding justice, gave an interesting address at the close of the session which was listened to with close attention by all present.

The Last Survivors.

When Daniel F. Bakeman, the last survivor of the War of Independence, died in 1890, just eighty-eight years had elapsed since Cornwallis' surrender. When, a few days ago, Hiram Cronk, the last of the participants in the War of 1812, departed, ninety years had passed since Jackson's backwoodsmen at Chalmette defeated Pakenham and his veterans. If the last participant in the War of the Rebellion lives as long after Appomattox as Bakeman did after the revolution he will survive until 1953. If he lives as long as Cronk did after the windup of the second war with England, he will be here until 1955.

There is a chance that the Bakeman or the Cronk record will be equaled, for there were many times more participants in the War of 1812-15 than there were in either of the two other struggles. Both Bakeman and Cronk had been objects of interest for many years before their death. After the death of Ralph Farnum, about the beginning of the rebellion, Bakeman was recognized as the last of the revolutionary soldiers, and he received good deal of attention on that account, but during those years the big war then raging and the big issues which came up immediately afterwards prevented him from receiving the attention which he might otherwise have excited.

Cronk in the last few years rehearsed his own funeral, so to speak, as often as did Charles V. When he passed the century age mark he became so much of an object of interest that New York city arranged a public funeral for him. At flag raisings on Washington's birthday and on the Fourth of July he was in great demand. On every patriotic occasion when he appeared he was the center of attraction. It is to be hoped that the man who figures in that role among the veterans of the national army in the war for the preservation of the Union will be as fortunate in the attention which he will excite. At his death, providing he lives as long as Bakeman or Cronk, the United States will probably have 250,000,000 population, and the world's map may be widely different from what it is in 1905.

Weather Bulletin.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., May 27, 1905.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross the continent May 26 to 30, warm wave 25 to 29, cool wave 29 to June 1st. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about May 30, cross west of Rockies by close of 31, great central valleys June 1 to 3, eastern states 4. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about May 30, great central valleys June 1, eastern states 3. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about June 2, great central valleys 4, eastern states 6.

This disturbance will come with a period of high temperatures and will be followed by a longer period of unusually cool weather north of parallel 38. It will cause severe weather.

Second disturbance of June will reach Pacific coast about 6, cross west of Rockies by close of 7, great central valleys 8 to 10, eastern states 11. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 6, great central valleys 8, eastern states 10. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 9, great central valleys 11, eastern states 12.

This disturbance will bring a wave of high temperatures following a spell of unusually cool weather. It will also bring one of the three periods of severe storms that will occur in June. But these storms will be mild compared with some that occurred in April and May. This disturbance will reach its greatest intensity on June 12 or 13.

June will bring two long periods of quite cool weather, reaching lowest temperatures not far from June 8 and 23, and three spells of higher than usual temperatures reaching their apexes not far from June 2, 12 and 30. A little earlier than these dates west of meridian 90 and a little later east of that line, The cool waves will be of much longer duration than the warm waves in northern states while the warm waves will be longest in sections south of parallel 38. Most severe storms near June 1, 13 and 23.

I expect June to average below normal temperatures north of parallel 38, above south of that line, and rainfall to be above normal north of parallel 38 and below south of that line; except that dry weather will prevail in the Ohio valley and Michigan. Serious drought is expected in the southern states. Indications are that the drought will be most serious in southwestern Texas, about Columbus, Ohio, and central South Carolina. Indications favor too much rain in middle northwest for wheat and oats but favorable crop-weather for corn.

My bulletins give correct forecasts of electrical storms and tornadoes that occurred May 8 to 10 while Chief Moore gave no warnings.

NEW ENGLAND PROSPERING.

And Yet Unchanged from Colonial Days.

New England history, thrift and progress, commenced when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth in 1620, worked untiringly and unceasingly for the establishment of commercial centers and industrial markets; and the present flourishing manufacturing and commercial activity of the Hub shows how well they succeeded. But Nature appeared on the scene long before our early progenitors and shaped the bays and shore line; piled up the mountains and artistically laid out the lake and valley lands. The "Crystal Hills" long, long years ago were the sacred haunt of the red men's Manitou, the lakes and rivers, the aborigines' fishing grounds, and the magnificent sea coast was the haven of rest. Then the "pale face" came, and afterwards was the advent of the railroad.

Busy marts, high mountains, lake and inland sections and the entire sea coast were all linked by the great steam railroad. Climatic conditions have not changed, nothing new, except the opportunity to get there, and what additional charms hotel men and landscape artists have added.

Summer is the vacation season, New England is the vacation land, and the Boston & Maine Railroad the vacation road. You don't know New England unless you know her resorts; and the Boston & Maine General Passenger Department, Boston, has just published a beautiful book of 90 pages telling all about New England resorts, how to get there, where to stop and what it costs. Send your address, the book is free for the asking.

Lady—Why did you leave your last place?

Applicant—Well, madam, the folks all got so fat eating my cooking that they said they really felt exhausted.—Somerville Journal.

Street Car Conductor—Move up there please.

Voice from the Rear—Don't worry, conductor. The motorman will attend to that when he stops again.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

The facilities furnished by the New Haven Railroad for reaching these resorts are unequalled.

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Washington Matters.

Roosevelt Launches a New Issue for the American Government—Big Saving Can be Made by Purchasing Abroad—Part of the Dingley Tariff Schedule is Outgrown—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20, 1905.

"The protected hog must take their hind feet out of the trough." "I demand the most favored nation treatment for ourselves in the construction of the Panama Canal." "For American manufacturers to sell to foreigners, at a profit, at prices from one-third to one-half lower than they sell the same goods at home is not a square deal to the folks at home." With these characteristic and forceful, homely phrases President Roosevelt has launched a new issue, at least a new one for the Republican party, and there are strong indications that he will gain the support of the American people and put some hide-bound ultra protectionists to confusion.

In his message to Congress, last December, the President wrote, "I will have something to say on the tariff question later on," but prominent members of his party who were permitted to read a proof of the message before it was made public persuaded him to strike out the sentence. He yielded to their request, but then endeavored to secure some sort of an agreement from the leaders that provision would be made for a readjustment of the Dingley schedules later on. They had urged that agitation of the subject in advance would unsettle business, so he called them to the White House and asked what they thought of calling Congress in extra session this spring for the purpose of readjusting the tariff schedules. The stand paters claimed that it would require time for investigation and that the session had better be called in the Fall. To this the President agreed and October was fixed as the date of the special session. The President supposed, of course, that Congress would make provision for an investigation of the existing schedules during the summer, and the Senate did, but the stand paters who control the House failed to do so and adjourned in factious security, supposing that they had defeated the President. But they counted without their host.

When the Panama Canal Commission came to purchase the large quantities of supplies and machinery needed for that enterprise they found that the prices they would have to pay to American manufacturers were far in excess of those charged by the same concerns to foreigners. They could even buy American made steel rails, of which they needed a large quantity to relay and double track the Panama Railway, for \$20 a ton abroad, all charges paid to London, including about \$6 freight, while the price asked in New York was \$38 a ton. The prices for structural steel showed a similar variation, the American price being about 50 per cent. greater. It was estimated that it would require about \$30,000,000 worth of structural steel (at the domestic price) for the canal, which amount could be bought abroad for \$20,000,000. Two ships which were needed would cost \$1,400,000 if purchased in this country, \$750,000 if purchased abroad, and so on. Had the French company been constructing the canal, American manufacturers would gladly have accorded them the full foreign discount, as they would have any other foreign nation, but they proposed to hold up their own government for the full domestic price, and the undertaking, being a most expensive one at best, the President determined that the supplies should be bought from the cheapest bidders whether American or foreign. He demanded "the most favored nation treatment for ourselves."

This means, of course, that the American manufacturers will be favored, their prices being as good, and that they will get the business, but that they will have to bid as low to the United States government as they would have to the French or British government doing the buying.

The President's decision has thrown the stand paters into a frenzy. Their protected constituents are enraged because they cannot sell at top prices to the United States, but more so because the President's decision will prove an impressive object lesson to the American people, will demonstrate that it is not an occasional surplus which the American manufacturers, and trusts, are selling abroad at lower prices than the domestic, but that they are continually supplying the foreign trade, and at a profit, at prices far below those they charge "the folks at home," as the President puts it. The stand paters believe the President has won a victory over them and that backed by the great mass of the Republican party he will compel them to readjust those tariff schedules which changed conditions have made too high.

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ISSUES OUTLINED

Secretary Taft Talks to Ohio State Convention

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY

Defense of Methods Pursued in Dealing With Domestic and Foreign Affairs—"Big Stick" and Big Navy Are Necessary

Columbus, O., May 25.—Although the opening session of the Republican state convention was routine the fact that Secretary of War Taft, the temporary chairman, made his debut in his native state as a state convention orator, drew a large and attentive audience. During the reading of his speech hearty applause greeted the mention of President Roosevelt and the allusion to the president's action or policy.

The secretary sketched the attitude of the Republican party on the currency question since 1896, referred to the Spanish war and its results and said:

"In the campaign of 1904 the Democratic managers ignored the fact that it ever had been in favor of free silver, and sought to make the chief issue the personality of Theodore Roosevelt. Against him they charged imperialism, militarism, usurpation of power, violations of the constitution, dangerous foreign policy of intermeddling, and an attempt to introduce a personal government."

This, the secretary said, brought in review the action of the president in various matters which he pointed out, notably the recognition of the republic of Panama, the settlement of the anthracite coal strike, the bringing of the Northern Securities suit, and his Philippine policy. "It made manifest," the secretary continued, "the consistent attitude of Mr. Roosevelt in that he was neither a plutocrat nor a 'mobocrat'."

The secretary said that the interstate commerce law had accomplished much, but that inequality and injustice remained. "We can certainly trust our lawgivers," he said, "to respond to the popular demand and to regulate the railways so far as they ought to be regulated, without interfering with their control over their own property and with that motive for efficient and economic management which are still required to make successful the enormous business of railway transportation in America. This question must be settled by the Republicans."

Secretary Taft discussed the deficit in the revenues and said the Republicans must provide a suitable means of avoiding a real and permanent shortage of cash if next year witnesses a repetition of the deficit. In this connection he said that cutting down the army or naval estimates or pensions should not be thought of. The secretary said that there remain two alternatives, either to impose additional internal taxes or to readjust and revise the tariff.

"Mr. Roosevelt has insisted that the United States bear its part in the settlement of these questions between the nations in which, by reason of that guardianship which we maintain over this hemisphere under the Monroe doctrine, we have always claimed a right to be heard, and in those new questions arising in the far Orient in respect to which, by reason of our ownership of the Philippines and our immense growing trade with China and Japan, we may properly claim a hearing."

"Nearly at our doors in the Caribbean sea is one government, weakened by revolution and insurrection, tottering to a fall. Burdened by a debt whose face value is far beyond the means of the country to pay, it has turned to the United States for assistance in settlement with its creditors. The president concluded a treaty by which, if ratified, San Domingo will go into the hands of the United States as a receiver."

Secretary Taft said that never before has the influence of the United States for good been greater than today, because it is known not to desire an increase of territory, and because it is known that, with a navy of most respectable proportions, should it unfortunately be engaged in such a conflict, it is ready to protect itself.

"People," he continued, "are prone to say that a large navy induces bravado, pugnacity and a recklessness of peace. In one of the South American republics we are at present engaged in attempting to rescue the property of American citizens from what is said to be an unjust confiscation by the sovereign under color of judicial sanction. We have asked for arbitration and it has been refused, and we are waiting now only until congress meets before submitting the facts to it for its consideration. Meantime, we are exercising toward this republic all the forbearance that is due to a weaker nation. And so it is with the general policy of Theodore Roosevelt, that while he insists upon carrying a 'big stick,' he does in fact speak softly and exercise a degree of forbearance just the confidence of strength and a righteous purpose justifies."

Secretary Taft said that we shall hold the Philippines, certainly for a generation, probably for several generations, in our efforts to lead the people on to education and prosperity and a knowledge of self-government. During that time we must give the islands the advantages of a member of our family. This benefit, he said, can never exist as long as we maintain a high tariff wall between us and the islands.

Girls Shut Census Men

Northampton, Mass., May 26.—The question, "How old are you?" is causing annoyance among census takers who have been trying to make progress among the fair students at Smith college. The young women, 1000 of them, have found it convenient to be at recitations, away from the dormitories on recreative stunts, or "not at home" when the enumerator called.

ASSETS ARE LIGHT

\$1,714,368 Failure of a Boston Banking Company

BANKS HEAVY CREDITORS

Speculation in Stocks of Street Railways Which Went Into the Hands of Receivers Hastened Financial Embarrassment

Boston, May 26.—Seventy-one banks and trust companies, most of them in Massachusetts, but many located in various parts of the country, are among the creditors of the banking firm of Burnett, Cummings & Co. of this city, which has filed an involuntary petition in bankruptcy in the United States district court with liabilities placed at \$1,714,368.

The assets are stated to be微小的. The creditors have been given to understand that they will not exceed \$200,000, if, indeed, they prove to be of any value whatsoever. The bankruptcy petition is the heaviest filed in this district since the present bankruptcy laws went into effect in Massachusetts.

Attorney Auerbach, counsel for the bankrupt firm, said that the cause of the failure was the building and financing of the Concord and Boston Street Railway company, the Middleboro, Wareham and Buzzards Bay Street Railway company, the Lowell and Boston Street railway and the Bristol County Railway company.

These roads were in thinly settled districts and were unable to make suitable connections with roads running to Boston. The four companies were placed in the hands of receivers and thereupon the notes given by them became valueless. Furthermore, the Massachusetts Securities company's bonds, which were secured by obligations of these electric railways, lost their value and entailed losses upon the firm. Auerbach stated also that the buying of the Hampden Trust company of Springfield, and of the Tuftsont Safe Deposit and Trust company, which, unknown to the firm, were in serious financial straits and which were placed in the hands of receivers, hastened the firm's financial embarrassment. The refusal of the extension of credit by the banks then made a continuance in business impossible.

The secured creditors number 57 and the unsecured 81. There are 32 savings banks in the list of creditors and 13 Massachusetts national banks. It is understood that the securities given the banks for their loans were bonds of the Massachusetts Securities company, which, in turn, were secured by notes of the bankrupt electric railways.

The firm of Burnett, Cummings & Co., composed of Archibald C. Burnett and Charles S. Cummings, 2nd, has been in business three years and a half, succeeding the firm of C. S. Cummings & Co. Burnett has had no connection with the business for over two years. According to Lawyer Auerbach, he left the firm upon finding that its business was devoted to financing suburban street railways instead of the purchase and sale of municipal and railroad bonds.

In connection with the bankruptcy the state savings bank commissioners said that so far as their investigations had gone the savings banks which had loaned money upon the Massachusetts Securities bonds had not violated any laws of the commonwealth. The name of the bankrupt company is at 43 Milk street, this city.

Fire at Finance in Ohio

Canton, O., May 25.—The Canton state bank, with individual deposits of more than \$800,000, has closed its doors. The directors state that the bank will not be able to resume business. The failure was brought about by loans of more than \$400,000 to W. L. Davis, vice president of the bank, by the cashier, for which no adequate security has been furnished to the bank.

California Bank Suspends

Stockton, Cal., May 26.—Consequent upon the fact that Cashier Kahan of the Oakdale bank shot himself, the directors of the institution have suspended business indefinitely. The condition of the cashier is precarious.

The Merchants' Trust Failure

New York, May 26.—District Attorney Jerome announces that he has assigned one of his assistants to make a thorough investigation of the recent failure of the Merchants' Trust company in this city.

Federation of Boys' Clubs

Boston, May 25.—Representatives from cities in this state, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York attended a conference here for the purpose of considering the advisability of forming a national organization of boys' clubs. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution embracing the idea suggested.

Shinburn's Petition Dismissed

Concord, N. H., May 24.—A petition laid before the United States circuit court by Henry E. Moebus, otherwise known as Max Shinburn, a noted bank burglar, asking for his release from the state prison, was dismissed by Judge Aldrich.

Muzzled at the Start

Moscow, May 25.—The entire edition of the first issue of the Moscow Weekly, an organ established by the anatomo congress, has been confiscated.

Part of Dam Gone

Bangor, Me., May 26.—A 100-foot section of the wooden dam at the foot of Webster lake, on the east branch of the Penobscot river, has been carried away. It is believed that the break will not seriously affect the lumber drives in this portion of the river. The dam will be in a condition to hold water in about 10 days.

GOMEZ FOR PRESIDENT

Governor of Santa Clara the Choice of Cuban Liberals

Havana, May 24.—The national liberal convention nominated Jose M. Gomez, governor of Santa Clara province, for president, and Senator Alfredo Zayas for vice president. Gomez received 103 out of the 109 votes cast. The full membership of the convention numbered 150. General Masso received one vote. There were five blank ballots and these were presumably cast by the Nunzio delegates. Several of the latter were present, though they did not vote. After the result was announced at 11:40 last night harmony was complete.

Jose Miguel Gomez is 50 years old and a native of Santa Clara province. He participated in the two great revolutions, in the first of which he reached the rank of major and in the second that of major general. He was one of the commissioners sent to Washington to advise as to the practical method for dissolving the revolutionary army.

Pardon For Life Prisoner

Boston, May 25.—Thomas Fitzgerald of Fall River, who has been serving a life sentence in the state prison in Charlestown for the murder of his wife, was pardoned yesterday afternoon and was later released from the prison. Fitzgerald was sentenced in 1877. He was a cobbler and the crime for which he was punished was committed by him during a quarrel with his wife. Excellent behaviour by the prisoner and the circumstances of the crime led to the decision to free him.

Stage For Nan Patterson

New York, May 23.—Hurtig & Seaman announce that they have signed a contract with Nan Patterson to appear in a big extravaganza. The girl has signed to appear at prominent theatres throughout an extended tour at \$2000 a week. She will appear at the head of a sextet of maidens similar to those that played in the musical comedy "Florodora." The company will be known as "Nan Patterson and Her Big Company."

Generous Gift to Harvard

Cambridge, Mass., May 25.—A gift of \$55,000 made to Harvard university by Jacob H. Schiff of New York is announced. The gift is made for the purpose of sending to Palestine, each year for five years, a Harvard excavating expedition. An anonymous gift of \$100,000 to the university is also announced, to be used as a fund for the development of the department of ethics of the social question.

Rope Broke but Poses Fulfilled

Keene, N. H., May 25.—The body of Frank Fortier, 28 years old, who left home last Sunday after giving his watch and a sum of money to his wife, was found by a searching party beneath a tree on Breezy hill with a rope around the neck. A portion of the rope, which had broken, was fast to a limb of the tree. Fortier had been absent for some time.

Where Children Will Be Welcome

New York, May 23.—Brooklyn in a few months will have a 20-story tenement house and it will occupy a whole block. No apartment will be rented to a family unless it has at least one child. Oliver H. P. Belmont is the originator of the project and the plans have been discussed with financiers, philanthropists, lawyers, real estate men and society people.

Manslaughter and Conspiracy

Chicago, May 24.—The grand jury has indicted 12 men in connection with the death of Charles Carleton, the member of the Carriage Makers' union who died as the result of the beating he received at the hands of thugs, hired by the officials of the union, according to their own story. The indictments charge manslaughter and conspiracy.

Death Wins Brooklyn Handicap

New York, May 26.—Delilah carried the Keene colors to an easy victory at Gravesend in the Brooklyn handicap and thereby enriched her owner in the sum of \$16,000, while Ostrich, from the "Boston stable," captured second prize, \$2500, and Graziano, the Columbia stable's candidate, won third money, amounting to \$1500.

Tanya Wins Stake at Belmont

New York, May 25.—Harry P. White's 3-year-old filly, Tanya, won the Belmont stakes at Belmont park, defeating the best 3-year-old colts and fillies in the east. Tanya was a heavily played favorite. The Belmont stakes has a total value of \$20,210, of which \$16,000 is to the winner, in addition to plate valued at \$1000.

CHECK FOR \$161,174**Cotton Gets It After Giving Governor \$1,611,740 Warrant**

Boston, May 26.—John R. Cotton has received the check for \$161,174.00 that settled his long-contested claim against the Commonwealth for 10 percent commission for the collection of the Commonwealth's Civil war claims from the federal government.

What happened in the governor's office was substantially this: Mr. Cotton handed to the governor the warrant for the payment of \$1,611,740.00 from the United States government, and took the governor's receipt, the governor turning over the draft to State Treasurer Chapin, and taking his receipt. The State treasurer then signed the check made out to Cotton for the payment of the 10 percent commission, and Cotton signed a receipt for it, thus closing the transaction as between himself and the state officials.

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Part of Dam Gone

HEART OF AFRICA

It Will Be Scoured For New Varieties of Game

PLANS OF FIELD MUSEUM

Men of Wide Experience to Hunt For Big Animals in the Interest of Science—A British Party Going on Similar Errand

Chicago, May 24.—The Field Columbian museum of Chicago, endowed by Marshall Field, the millionaire merchant, will send in the early summer a great exploring and collecting expedition into equatorial Africa. The expenses will be paid by the Marshall Field fund and in part by Vernon S. Kennedy, another Chicago millionaire, who will accompany the party.

The expedition is planned upon a scale greater than that of any ever sent to the dark continent by a scientific institution. It will be headed by Professor Carl A. Akeley of the zoological department of the museum, Professor Daniel G. Elliott being unable to go, having lost his health in an African exploring trip eight years ago.

The hunters will attempt to get family groups of all the great African animals which inhabit the equatorial regions. The museum is especially anxious to get rhinoceros, leopard, giraffe and lion specimens, adult and young.

The party will leave Chicago for London and will then sail to Mombassa, on the east coast of Africa, where 50 natives will be employed as guides, guards and burden bearers. The party will go into a country towards Lake Tanganyika, where the natives are treacherous and warlike. The climate is of the worst.

The museum management realizes that the big game of Africa is disappearing rapidly and for that reason the expedition is to be hurried. English scientists are to dispatch a like collecting party and there will be a rivalry in the matter of results between the two institutions of the two countries. Professor Akeley, on the expedition sent out under Daniel G. Elliott eight years ago, nearly lost his life in an encounter with an African leopard which he had wounded slightly and which attacked him. Vernon S. Kennedy has shot big game in nearly every country of the globe. He has done his hunting largely for scientific purposes and nearly all his pelts have been turned over to museums, the bulk of them going to the Field institution.

Preparations for the trip are being made on a large scale, for a vast amount of material has to be carried. In addition to guns and ammunition for the killing of everything from humming-birds to elephants, chemicals in bulk are to be transported to preserve the animal and bird skins from the attacks of climate and insects.

At Mombassa a herd of goats will be bought and these are to be driven before the explorers into the interior, where they will be used singly as bait for the lions and leopards and carnivorous animals.

In addition to collecting animals already known to science, it is the belief that new species of birds and mammals will be found. In this matter the rivalry between the American and the English expeditions will be particularly keen. The last Field museum party went into Somaliland and it was successful in discovering and in securing specimens of whose existence the world's scientists were in ignorance.

Convict Labor Tabooed

Middletown, Conn., May 25.—George B. Crafts of Milton, Mass., a freshman at Wesleyan university, was one of a large body of students celebrating a baseball victory over Amherst. During the height of the celebration he was pushed over a high fence. It is alleged, tearing the muscles from his left thigh. The hip was broken also. His injuries may leave him a cripple for life.

Special Court For Juveniles

Boston, May 24.—The president has issued an order prohibiting the employment of convict labor on government works. The question of the employment of such labor was raised in connection with certain river and harbor improvements in Arkansas, the contractor for which desired to employ a number of state convicts under contract with the state authorities.

Promised Reforms Vain

Boston, May 23.—Plans which have been maturing for several months have resulted in the opening of a juvenile session of the municipal court. Hitherto juveniles have been arraigned in the second session. The atmosphere of the courtroom has not been of a desirable sort for youthful minds. Judge Wentworth is the first to sit in the new juvenile room.

Lumber Plant Destroyed

Fort Fairfield, Me., May 26.—The mills of the Aroostook Lumber company at Stevensville, together with several hundred thousand feet of lumber, were destroyed by fire last night. The loss is estimated at \$75,000. The fire originated in one of the mills from some unknown cause and burned the entire plant.

Industrial Trust Company.

SUMMARY OF CONDITIONS MAY 1, 1905.

Capital, \$3,000,000 00 Surplus, \$4,000,000 00 Undivided Profits, 44,472 80 Deposits, 37,954,266 46

The Capital of this Company and the Guaranty Fund deposited with the

Beds and Bedding.

Nothing is more conducive of sleep than a neatly made bed, with snow-white sheets and pillows that give forth the faint old-time fragrance of lavender. Yet this sweet herb is as seldom found in linen closets of the city housewife as in the large, restful bed of "flat-top" days. So precious has space become in apartments that any makeshift which saves room is used in place of a bed.

There are two rules on the proper position of the bed. It should never be placed against the wall, where there is often an unpropitious dampness; should never stand in a recess or corner where there is not a constant circulation of fresh air. Dull headaches in the morning can nearly always be traced to sleeping in a bed far from a window.

All sorts of coverlets are now used for beds, but the plain, snow-white counterpane looks cool and restful in summer. Bedspreads of dotted Swiss or net are also appropriate if used over a foundation. The net for this purpose should be of coarse mesh and large enough when spread over the bed to clear the floor on three sides. Flounces of heavy Russian lace about four or five inches wide may be used for an edge. Many good housewives think a white coverlet looks less picturesquely than one in color.

Blankets are always preferable to quilts and comfortables, excepting those of soft down.

Blankets of course can be washed, but frail women find them heavier and not so warm as down comfortables. All authorities, however, agree in condemning that favorite of past days, the "crazy quilt" and most of the other old fashioned quilts. Although blankets are undoubtedly better than ordinary comfortables, a large number of housekeepers feel that their means will not permit them to use blankets exclusively, and therefore they add to their bedding comfortables, which are cheap and warm. Certainly some of the simple homemade comfortables in cheesecloth of delicate texture look clean and pretty in country cottages.

Most housewives imagine that linen is the best ideal material for sheets, but several household authorities consider it inferior to a good quality of cotton for this purpose. Linen is cold and "slippery." It is no more appropriate for sheets than it is for body wear, owing to its non-absorbent quality. The wrinkles in linen sheets are harder to smooth out than those in cotton, and, in addition, keep a bed from looking fresh. Linen, however, is at its best when used for tableclothes and napery. For all such purposes it is the ideal material.

Mattresses are difficult to clean, and even some work to brush properly, owing to the creases around the upholsterer's buttons. If they are not constantly and completely covered by protectors the dust will gradually enter every crease. One piece of unbleached cotton sheeting should be stretched over the entire mattress. The end of the sheeting should first be pinned to the top of the mattress, the rest drawn down to the foot, under the mattress, and up again to the top, where the upper and under ends should be neatly basted together. After all wrinkles are smoothed out, the edges of the sheeting along the sides of the mattress are roughly basted together. There should be two protectors for every mattress, so that when one is in the wash the other can take its place.

When there is illness in the family some housewives use, in addition, thick comforters of unbleached cotton, which can be easily washed. Pillows and bolsters are often covered with cheap cotton or calico to protect the ticking.

When ailing a bed, place two chairs at the foot, about two or three feet away; then draw the bedclothes over them, leaving the mattress bare, or, if you prefer, place the bedding on separate chairs. A certain very particular housekeeper arranged two strong hooks in every one of the bedrooms in inconspicuous corners, opposite each other, and about five feet from the floor. In the morning she stretched a line from hook to hook and hung the bedding over it to air for about two hours.—N. Y. Tribune.

Wooing in Fact and Fancy.

The "Dolly Dialogue" style of hero and heroine conduct their wooing in this sort of sparkling repartee.

Her—"You're just like all other men—

—you want the earth!

Ham—I acknowledge it—you're all the world to me, and I want you!

Her—As a piece of real estate I may come higher than you can afford to go.

Ham—At any price you're be dirt cheap.

And in the old-fashioned novels like this:

Pamela—You must pardon my ignorance, sir, if I appear to misapprehend the drift of your expression of regard; but I can not but think, however, that you presume too much in thus addressing me at so early a period of our acquaintance.

Leopardo—Believe me, dearest madam, when I say that if I seem too impetuous it is only that the depth of my feeling overcomes my natural regard for the conventionalities. Ah! do not turn aside, for mad—my heart and fortune are lying at your feet.

But in real life would not a phonograph reveal something like this?

"Why, Jack Peters, how dare you?"

"Aw, now, you're not going to get mad about it, are you? Honest, Sade, I couldn't help it!"

"Well, I'll have you understand that I—"

"Now, what? the use? You know how I feel, and you've known it all along, and you can't bluff me. You love me, don't you? Cut that talk out and quit jerkin' away!"—Cleveland Leader.

My friend Mrs. Harkins is very particular in her choice of neighbors and doesn't take kindly to every one who moves into the house next door. A few evenings ago I called and found her in quite an indignant mood. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Why that female who has just moved in the next house stood for an hour this afternoon in her dining-room looking into ours?" "How did you find out?" I inquired. "Why I happened to be in our dining-room watching her." And wondered why I laughed.

Booker T. Washington calls attention to the fact that his race came here only by invitation. He might have added that they will leave the same way, unless they follow the good advice offered by him and others.

There is a suspicion that modern friendship is founded on the old homely, "you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours." And each is waiting for the other to scratch first.

Grown Suddenly Old.

"Have you ever noticed," said a woman recently, "how the women you will go on appearing the same for years, and every season you will hear the people say, 'How well Mrs. So and So is looking?' and then suddenly without rhyme or reason, they will 'go crash'—and look about ten years older in one year? I have noticed it often. I do not mean the effects of ill health, or worries of any kind; I simply mean, as I say, they 'go crash' for no apparent reason."

"I have studied the matter somewhat, chiefly with a view to my own appearance, and I have come to the conclusion that a great deal of it is in the way we dress, or, rather, contrive to dress, for it is the changing one-style so often proves fatal. Of course we must grow older—that is a foregone conclusion. But as long as we do our hair in practically the same styles the changes that must take place in even the best preserved women are not very noticeable, and in some women are hardly perceived at all. But it is a great mistake for instance, for a woman who is past her first youth to change the fashion of doing her hair. It accentuates every mark of time, and calls attention to every defect. A change in the fashion too rashly adopted also often adds years to the appearance of a woman. The modes must be followed very slowly and cautiously."

"Bright colors also are a great mistake. I know a woman who wore mourning for many years, and was wonderfully youthful in her appearance. One spring she went into colors, and jumped from forty to fifty at a bound. Every one noticed it. If she had the good sense to continue her black with just a touch of color, she would not have lost her reputation for youthfulness."

"Hats just now are dangerous to trifle with. A too youthful looking hat has proved many a middle-aged woman's undoing. An English woman who is still beautiful in sweeping black gowns, Marie Antoinette capes and a modified cap of the same style, said to me once that every woman of forty should adopt a uniform costume—something that suited her, that her friends would get accustomed to identify her with, and that she would never change. I thought it such a good idea, and think seriously even now of adopting it."

"Do you know Mrs. A—? A year ago she was the youngest-looking woman of her age I ever knew. Well, I saw her yesterday in church, and she gave me a shock. She looked years older. 'Why is it?' I said to myself, and I set to discover what it was. Her face was as fresh as usual. Then I noticed her hair. 'What a mistake!' I exclaimed inwardly, for she had dragged over the soft waves which usually rippled back from her forehead nearly to her eyebrows. 'I suppose that is on account of the new-fashioned clip-tilted bat she is wearing,' I surprised to myself. But the hat and the hair gave her a worn look that I never noticed before. Why couldn't the woman have kept to her neat toques, which are still worn and her softly waved hair, which glistened prettily around her temples? She has lost even her smart look in following the ultra fashions."

Petroleum for Complexion.

"If you want to see complexions, come to the oil wells," remarked the experienced operator in crude petroleum, smiling.

"Not women's complexions—no; they are enough in touch with the real atmosphere that creates the peach-and-cream cheek and chin and neck and ear. These complexions belong to the hairy, bristled men who work day after day under the spouting oil of the active well, or around the pumps that draw the black or green or amber fluid, as the case may be, from the depths."

"I don't know whether the skin specialist has any explanation of the phenomenon, but it is true, nevertheless, that a man who works under the grimy conditions that are inevitable around the petroleum well takes on a skin that the society woman might envy. Where the work is the grimiest and grimmest the complexions of the men are the fairest. I have seen men smooth shaven, who at evening receptions could make a fortune posing as living proofs of Soandso's complexion ointments, if the 'fake' could be maintained and the opportunity made possible."

"To some extent it is the grease itself that does the smoothing for the skin; where the color comes from is a guess with me—I could hardly lay it to the men in the basic material in some of these oils. But I know this much about crude petroleum—a steady application of it to the skin will make a complexion for any one who will take the course in earnest. If I were a woman seeking a complexion, as many women are, I would invest in a barrel of crude petroleum and bathe in it regularly.—Chicago Tribune."

Is This All So?

There is but one sure cure for the drinking disease or habit, and that is the simplest of all. The cure consists in eating fruits. That will cure the worst case of inebriety that ever afflicted a person. It will entirely destroy the taste for intoxicants and will make a drunkard return to the thoughts and tastes of his childhood, when he loved the luxuries nature had provided for him and when his appetite had not become contaminated by false, cultivated tastes and attendant false desires and imaginary pleasures. No person ever saw a man or woman who liked fruit and who had an appetite for drink. No person ever saw a man or woman with an appetite for drink who liked fruit. "The two tastes are at deadly enmity with each other, and there is no room for both of them in the same human constitution. One will certainly destroy the other.—What to Eat."

Which reminds me that my best friend has a wife who talks back and sometimes she gets the worst of it. A few evenings ago he went home in a complaining humor. "That steaks isn't cooked to suit me," he growled almost as soon as he had seated himself at the table. "Well, cook yourself!" she replied. "You didn't marry a cook."

About the middle of the night she poked hubby in the ribs and yelled into his left ear: "Get up, John, I hear burglar in the house!" Between snores John managed to say: "Get up yourself; you didn't marry a police-man."

After all, it's the woman who knows how to dress well who compels admiration at home and abroad. And if she knows how to dress economically the admiration is doubled—at home.

CASTORIA.

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Castor H. Fletcher

Japanese Spies.

Japan has endeavored to raise the business of espionage to the standing of an honorable profession. It regards its own spies with the same pride that it feels for its soldiers. Every one remembers the incident of the Japanese officers who, disguised as Chinese, were arrested in the early days of the war, when they were about to make an attempt to blow up the bridge over the Sungari River. The rank of the senior officer, says Douglas Story, "The Campaign with Kuropatkin," was a colonel.

Before they went out to stand against the Russian platoon of infantry, they specially bequeathed the money in their pockets to the use of the Russian Red Cross.

To mark their appreciation of espionage as a distinct branch of honorable warfare, the Japanese did a curious thing after the Battle of Liuyang. They captured a Russian spy, dressed as a Chinaman, and after shooting him, passed into the Russian lines a communication in which they hailed him as a brave man, and expressed the hope that the Russian troops held many others such as he.

When one remembers the execution with which spies have been haled by other nationalities, this Eastern exaltation of the calling is, to say the least of it, curious.

He Would Not Presume.

There is such a thing as being too cautious. The individual who believes that the whole world is in league to work him wrong sometimes makes a mistake. The American tourist, for example, is often so firmly convinced that during his European travels he is being cheated on all hands that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of courtesy. The King gives an instance of this would be sharpness on the part of the traveller.

"What is the price of this pin?" asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship.

"Twenty francs, monsieur," said the clerk.

"That is altogether too much," replied the young American. "It is for a present to my sister. I'll give you five francs for it."

"Zen it would be I sat gave ze present to your sister," answered the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, "and I do not know mademoiselle."

The Cosmopolitan.

I do not mean to imply that it is well for a man to become comparatively indifferent to his own nation. Travel has that effect upon some people, especially when for a term of years they reside abroad, and notably in southern Italy. It casts away their patriotism. They call themselves by that long name—cosmopolitan. They are not, they say, citizens of any town or country in particular, but of the world at large.

This sounds very fine, but if you come to analyze their notions you will, I am afraid, generally discover that, so far from having got their sympathies enlarged to such a degree that they can feel for the central African negro in his degradation as much as they can feel for the Whitechapel toiler in his semi-starvation, they have rather lost all sympathy for every one except for themselves. "Cosmopolitan" is, in numbers of instances, only "selfish" writ large.—All the Year Round.

Insects as Tidbits.

Insects of almost every kind are eaten in one part or another of the globe. The natives of West Indies eat the larvae of the stag beetle, the creoles of Bourbon broil and eat cockroaches, while the Arabs still follow the example of John the Baptist and feed on locusts. The grasshopper is a favorite article of diet both in Greece and in Mexico. The Chinese make a tasty dish out of the chrysalis of the silk worm, and a white fat grub that burrows in the palm tree is the greatest delicacy a Burmese knows. Ants prepared in various ways command themselves to quite a number of people. The African custom is to cook them in butter, while in Brazil a resinous sauce is the usual accompaniment. The Siamese prefer the eggs of the ant, and in India the white ant is not only eaten raw, but in some parts is roasted like coffee and is then mixed with flour and made into pastry.

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"The Mistress's Duty."

She was fortunate enough to own a house which had a bath room for the exclusive use of the servants.

"Now, Freda," she said, as she pointed out this room, "this is to be your own bath room. There's the tub, and I want you to use it often."

"Vat! Git in that place?"

"Why certainly."

"Wit water in it?"

"Of course."

"Wf, madam, if I was to get in dere I would git all wet; an' I was never wet all ofter in my life!"—Exchange.

The Besetting Sin.

All the people above the condition of laborers are ruined by excess of stimulus and nourishments, energy included.

I never saw any gentleman who ate and drank as little as was reasonable.

Looking back on my past life I find that all my miseries of body and mind have proceeded from indigestion.—Sydney Smith's Confession.

My neighbor has a daughter who is quite pretty and decidedly up to date, but through one of those unaccountable circumstances she has become possessed of one of those dreamy-eyed sentimentalists for a beau. "Ah," he sighed a few evenings ago, as the clock began to strike the hour of eleven, "I would that I might induce you to fly with me!" "Well, bring your airship around tomorrow afternoon at 3 and I will," she replied with enthusiasm, and how she thinks he never will be as soon as he had seated himself at the table. "Well, cook yourself!" she replied.

Which reminds me that my best friend has a wife who talks back and sometimes she gets the worst of it. A few evenings ago he went home in a complaining humor. "That steaks isn't cooked to suit me," he growled almost as soon as he had seated himself at the table. "Well, cook yourself!" she replied.

There is quite a difference between nerve and nerves. Some have one while others merely have the other, but occasionally we meet a person who has both.

The woman who has just moved in the next house stood for an hour this afternoon in her dining-room looking into ours?" "How did you find out?" I inquired. "Why I happened to be in our dining-room watching her." And wondered why I laughed.

Booker T. Washington calls attention to the fact that his race came here only by invitation. He might have added that they will leave the same way, unless they follow the good advice offered by him and others.

After all, it's the woman who knows how to dress well who compels admiration at home and abroad. And if she knows how to dress economically the admiration is doubled—at home.

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Chicago Journal.

Family Sinking Fund.

A sinking fund is usually defined as a sum or sum of money set apart for the purpose of discharging a debt by the accumulation of interest. Another definition, and equally correct, is that this accumulation is made for taking care of some specific matter or under taking or to provide for some unknown or unexpected emergency. In this sense, a family sinking fund—for a family that have not a surplus of income on which to call for unexpected expenses—will be very sensible and provident thing—to put by small sums from time to time as a reserve fund for occasions of illness—for sickness will come into every home some time or other, and not infrequently at very inopportune times. Have this in financial parlance is called this "sinking fund," and which is only to be drawn upon when doctors and druggists and all the other attendants of illness must put in their unwelcome appearance, with the inevitable expenses that seem very great when added to the usual family expenditures.

It is a quite common mistake that most families make when sickness comes that they themselves, the well members can do all that is necessary—sometimes they have to do it—but nothing so effectually ruins the comfort of the household as this "home" nursing. Not only are the entire family arrangements disorganized and demoralized, but the sick person is nowhere near so well taken care of as when a professional trained nurse is employed; it costs money to do this, of course, but the extra cost may be the means of saving the life of the patient, to say nothing of preserving the peace and comfort of the family. Nursing when mixed up with the usual cares of house keeping, is certainly a weary and anxious additional burden to the mind as well as the body. There may be other sick persons to be added to the list, which should not be

Strange Tale of a Message.

late in the afternoon of a dull sun day a man was walking briskly along a hilly road in one of the north Welsh counties.

The man, a fair young man, my story dates back fully twenty years—stood still for a moment and looked about him. He was not a native of the place, and, comparatively speaking a newcomer; but he was growing to feel at home in it, and he was grateful for the position he had come hither to hold, that of manager of the important mine not far from where he stood.

"Yes," he thought, "it has turned out very well. Margaret is so sensible and adaptable. She never seems to feel it dull, as I feared she might. I remember how I felt like a fish out of water at first, scarcely understanding what the people said, nor their queer ways." Then a shadow crossed his face.

"It is very sad about Brough," he went on thinking. "I wonder if I shall find him any better today? I fear not. He has been such a good steady fellow, and being an Englishman enabled him to enter into my difficulties in his quiet way?" and with these thoughts he hurried on again, till he reached a row of small houses occupied by some of the many miners at a short distance from the pit's mouth.

At the door of one of these he stopped and knocked. It was opened by a tidy-looking elderly woman, the wife of the man to whom the cottage belonged, and with whom Brough, unmarried and with no relations in the place had lodged for several years. She shook her head in reply to the manager's unspoken inquiry.

"No better," was plainly written on the worn, thin face of the man who tried to raise himself on his pillows as the manager entered and gently shook the big hand, once brown and rough, now practically smooth and white, held out to him.

"So good of you sir," the sick man murmured. "Indeed, I don't know how to thank you for coming so regular, and you so busy." A cough stopped him and he lay back exhausted.

"I wish I could do more for you," said Mr. Herald very kindly, with a sigh.

"Nay, sir," Brough went on again. "Nay, sir—if I could have done something in return—you and the lady, too—serving me soup and fruit and the best of everything—if I could have done something for you, I feel as if I'd die easier."

"Don't speak that way my dear fellow," he said. "If we have been able to cheer you a little, we are only too glad."

But Brough's expression did not change. He murmured something inaudible and lay still.

The manager did not stay long; he saw that the patient was very weak.

He told Brough that a few details as to his possessions—the sending of some money that the miner had saved to a sister in Australia, and so on—were all carefully noted and should be attended to, and then, with "I'll come again tomorrow," he left, the blue eyes, faithful and devoted, following him to the door.

And when, true to his promise, he came the next day Brough was dead.

Time passed. The winter—a very severe one that year—came on, and then when the thought of Brough crossed his mind, the manager would say to his wife he was glad the poor fellow had not lingered—it would have been terribly trying for him in that cottage in such weather."

Then slowly and half reluctantly, as it were, followed the spring. The snowdrops and, later on, the primroses and violets—faithful little friends as ever—began to peep out in the lanes and copses among the valleys between the great grim hills.

Then a short but glowing summer, and "Aguin," said Margaret Heald to herself, with a little sigh, one dull morning as she stood looking after her husband as he set off to his day's work, "again it is autumn, and a long winter before us." But the sigh was quickly replaced by a smile. "We are so happy," she murmured, "so very happy. What do outside things like the weather matter."

That very afternoon as the doctor of the district returned to his own home after a long round he was met at the door by an unexpected summons.

"I really think I shall have to get a partner, or, at least, a thoroughly efficient assistant," he was saying to himself as he got down from his dog-cart at the gate, and his, "Well, what's the matter, Eliza?" to the servant who opened the door before he had time to take out his latch key, was, perhaps, excusably, a little irritable.

"Oh, if you please, sir, will you go at once—at once!" with emphasis—"to the manager's house, Mr. Heald's. I've been watching to catch you before the horse was taken out. The messenger's not been gone five minutes."

Dr. Warden's face lengthened. "Did he not say what was wrong? Who brought the message?" he inquired sharply.

"Oh, yes, sir. It's an accident—very bad, he seemed to think—to the manager himself. He was one of the workers—the miners, I mean. He said his name was—"

But by this time she was speaking to the air for the doctor had rushed to the stable yard, calling to his man that he must have the trap again at once—yes, at once.

The door was closed, but almost before his knock had ceased sounding it was opened, and at the same moment Margaret Heald came out into the little hall.

"Oh, Dr. Warden; Oh, dear doctor!" she exclaimed. "What a mercy! Thank God, what a blessed chance! Come to us once. You may, you must be in time. He is scarcely conscious; he is bleeding to death. We have done all we could, but we can not stop it. Oh come!"

"Oh, yes, sir. It's an accident—very

bad, he seemed to think—to the manager himself. He was one of the workers—the miners, I mean. He said his name was—"

And yet the actual accident had not been a very serious one. He had caught his foot somehow, when examining some new tools or machinery just being unpacked, and fallen, cutting his wrist on a piece of sharp, jagged iron lying about, and all but completely severing the artery. Had medical skill been instantly available, he need scarcely have run any risk.

As it was the more experienced as to wounds and injuries among the miners had done their best, and temporarily stopped the bleeding, which had, however, burst out again as they carried him to his home, fortunately close at hand.

It took but a short time for Dr. Warden's clever surgery to save the situation, and with an ejaculation of profound thankfulness Margaret saw her husband open his eyes and try to smile at her, while a little color stole back into his face.

"He will do now," said the doctor;

"give him what I have ordered from time to time," referring to certain restoratives, "and keep him absolutely

quiet and still, till I look in again this evening. He will probably sleep a good deal. Don't talk to him more than you can help."

"You have saved his life," she said; "but, oh, how unspeakably grateful we should be that you happened to be passing. I suppose you saw the men at the gate. Colling, the Heald's groom, was just starting on the pony to fetch you; but," and she shivered, "it would have been too late, I feel certain."

"Yes," was the reply, "there was assuredly terrible risk. I was only just in time; but," and he looked puzzled, "how do you mean that I happened to be passing? I came all the way from home as soon as I got your message of course."

"I did not send for you," she explained. "There had not been time. Robert had not been five minutes in the house when you came."

"Then one of the men must have gone straight from the mine the moment it happened," the doctor replied.

"No, no, impossible!" she maintained. "For you to have got a message to bring you here so soon you must have heard of the accident almost simultaneously with its occurring. It must have been a brain wave, doctor," and she smiled.

He returned within a few hours, and much to Margaret's delight, volunteered to stay all night. "Just in case anything goes wrong."

But nothing old go wrong, though both doctor and wife sat up in turn, watching by the patient, who slept fairly quietly, and at breakfast the next morning Dr. Warren told his hostess a strange story.

"I waited till the night was over, not to excite or startle you, my dear," he began, "to tell you the result of my cross-questioning of Eliza, my servant. I had not misunderstood what she said. It was one of the miners—a woman she called him—who summoned me, and, by putting things together, he must have been at my door almost as you said, simultaneously with Heald's accident!"

"But," interrupted Margaret, "how could—"

"Stay," he said. "I must remind you of the old quotation, 'More things in heaven and earth.' Yes; it was one of the miners, or should I say one who had been such; but," and he half murmured the next words, "rest his soul, he's dead. He was pale, delicate like for a rough sort of a man, and he had a nice voice and very blue eyes, and to make it still surer, as he turned to go, something seemed to strike him. 'Tell them,' he added 'tell them as it was Brough,' Lawrence Brough, that fetched the doctor. Then," continued Eliza, "I was going to ask him to say it again but he was gone—I don't know how he managed to slip off so quickly—and I said the name over to myself, not to forget it. That is all she has to tell, and all she need ever know. It might upset her."

"Doctor," she said in a whisper, "what do you think? Can such things be?"

His voice was very reverent as he replied, "Far be it from me to say they cannot."

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If I were a Girl Again.

If I were a girl again—if some being fair would touch me with her hand and say "Be a good girl again," and I should feel bursting over me the generous impulses, the enthusiasm, the buoyancy, the ambition that belong to sixteen—something I should do, and something I should not do, to make me at fifty the person I should now at fifty like to be.

First of all, I should study self-control—the control of the body, of speech, of temper; a power best learned in youth, before the current of habit has deepened the channel of self-will and impetuosity which seems to be cut in every human heart. I should count one hundred, like Fattycom, before I would allow myself to utter unkind, impulsive words; I should score to burst into tears because of some petty correction or grievance; I should learn to sit quiet, to close a door gently, to walk calmly, even when my thoughts were boiling within me.

I should shun, if I were a girl again, the tendency to be sensitive and suspicious. Because my friend talks to another person, or because a group of acquaintances seem to be enjoying themselves apart from me; I should not fancy myself neglected. I should not construe thoughtlessness into intention at all, nor abstraction into indifference. I should say often to myself: "My friend did not see that I was here; she has not heard of my return; she's busy with her music; she is tired after her journey. I will trust in her friendship, just as I would have her trust in mine."

If I were a girl again I should be more careful about my conversation, I should beware of slang and gossip and a tendency to drop into silence. I should avoid sarcasm like the plague remembering that the person who uses it shows her sense of her own inferiority. Nobody had so many enemies as Dickens; and it is to be remembered that sarcasm was his most powerful weapon. I should practice the art of such gay repartee as is free from satire and unkindness, learning to tell a story well and to dwell upon what is kindly and happy. I should be more ready to express my appreciation and thanks for services rendered; be quicker with my praise and tardier with my criticism. I should cultivate a distinct enunciation, enlarge my vocabulary and remember Lord Chesterfield's dictum "never to utter one word even in common conversation, which should not be the most expressive with which the language could supply him."

If I were a girl again I should be a better student, I should worry less over my lessons and posterity less, but I should think as I study and try to understand statements in one reading rather than by saying them over and over and over like a parrot. I should be more thorough, not passing to one lesson until I had mastered the last, and I should be ashamed of prepreeping and illegible handwriting or faulty pronunciation.

I should be more scrupulous about making and keeping engagements; I should be less daunted by obstacles and be less, I hope, the slave of petty but annoying habits.

These things I should do if I were a girl again. But suppose I have passed my girlhood! Suppose I am thirty; still, shall I not at fifty wish that I could strive the past twenty years? Should I not employ them differently? Again, say I am fifty. At seventy could I not better use those precious years of preparation? There is always a Golden Age, soon to be behind us just as tomorrow's yesterday is still today. So we may all take courage. It is never too late to mend;—Lucy Keeler, in *Pittsburg Advocate*.

Train the Young to Think.

The essential and commanding work of the school is to train the young to think. They can only utter their thoughts in symbols, hence the need of the knowledge of terms. But the teacher should never lose sight of the fact that all school forms are symbols of thought, whether they be words or the constructions in the manual training shop, or the products of the school garden, or the objects of nature in general, and that they are never taught unless the meaning they embody has been re-created by the mind that uses them.

The most perfect symbol of human thought is the word. The school will always give most of its energy to interpreting and expressing thought embodied in language. Its cultivation of feeling, moral conduct, and mechanical skill will always be a purpose incidental to this. The time and energy which need to be devoted exclusively to these ends are small, when the teacher has learned how to make the study of thought embodied in language an effective means of stimulating conduct. That school is best which in the best spirit persistently and wisely trains children to think straight. Flabby inaccurate thinking is productive of flabby morals as well as of loose-jointed uncertain knowledge. The subjects of study in our schools are those that the children ought to learn. All the present ferment about other things the children should learn in school is putting the emphasis in the wrong place. The important thing is not, What shall the child learn? but who is his teacher?—Exchange.

When Giraffes Have Hard Work

Those persons who on a hot summer day have cuffed the giraffe his long neck because a cooling draft "would last so long" when he swallowed it have probably never stopped to think that it has a more practical use and that in the giraffe makeup the animal's neck is sometimes matched against its legs. One of the most comical sights in any zoological garden is afforded by watching giraffes browse on the grass beneath their feet. Bracing their long legs awkwardly apart, not unlike a boy unused to stilts, the animals eagerly strain to get hold of the grass and when it is very short they have a hard time. When two or more of them happen to stand together in this awkward position, their long legs crisscrossing each other, they look extremely odd. One woman valued the sentiment of most of those who see the animals when she said, after looking at them, "My, but I wouldn't try to pick up a \$1,000 note if I were a giraffe."—New York Tribune.

Her Father—What! Marry that fool? Why, he hasn't an idea of finance.

His daughter—Don't you believe the half of it. He stopped right in the middle of his proposal to ask how much you were worth.—Brooklyn Eagle.

So the lawyers got most all the estate? Did Etel get anything?"

"Oh, yes; she got one of the lawyers."

Judge.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SOUTHERN SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It will stop the pain and suffer immediately. Depend upon it. It is the best. It cures the Stomach and Bowels, cures Whooping Cough, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is one of the oldest and most famous pharmaceuticals in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP."

Hamburg is to have a school for training servants.

Sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills for? They will positively cure it! People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

A favorite dish with the Eskimos is ice cream made of seal oil.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as concisely as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its designation to:

Miss E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Room,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1905.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

(Continued.)

Edward Patterson Cooke made his will May 12, 1741, then of Shrewsbury, mentions wife Catherine to whom he gives use of real and personal estate during the time she remains my widow, and for bringing up and educating my children, also to wife I give choice of my riding horse and side saddle, and, if she marry, choice of my beds and their furniture, any one of them, and 20 pounds in money in lieu of her one third. I will that my lands at Shrewsbury be sold to pay my just debts; the first 100 pounds after my debts be paid, I give my eldest son Ebenezer Cooke; I order the plantation I now live on to be sold at or after the death of my wife, or her marriage; To daughter Margaret Cooke I give 50 pounds and a bed and furniture to be paid in 4 years; Also my will is that after my lands are sold what remains of the money be equally divided among my 5 sons, Ebenezer, William, John, Thomas and Edward Patterson Cooke; If any of my children die before they come of age, or have children, that their then part be equally divided between those remaining; To son William Cooke my young black horse; I authorize my executor to sell and make good title to all my lands at Fish River as they are sold, I appoint my well beloved wife, Catherine, my brother Ephraim Allen, my brother Job Cooke, Executors. Witnesses—Stoffel Longstreet (afforesaid), Horace Lane, John Parker, Peter Parker (Liber D. p. 39). As a widow, and an old lady, judging from age of her first husband who was born in 1687, Catherine Cooke and (2) 7; 19; 1744 Benjamin Woolley Seur., b. 26; 12; 1692, son of John and Mercy (Potter) Woolley, son of Emanuel (1) Woolley and wife Elizabeth.

Burke's Landed Gentry, gives, Woolley's of Riber and Matlock, England; thus: Anthony Woolley had first son Adam, d. Apr. 19, 1619 buried the same day at Matlock, dying at Riber; Adam's first wife was Mary (Butler, Henry), second wife Elizabeth (Middleton, William bapt. 1645), whom Adam married Nov. 17, 1607, and she d. at Matlock, Eng., May 20, 1658; her bpt. 1657, and her sister Mary, bpt. 1659 and their brother John Middleton bpt. 1659.

This Benjamin Woolley Seur. was uncle to Benjamin Woolley Jr., who also had a wife Catherine, she born Hubbard, their marriage license dated Apr. 2, 1750. This Benjamin Jr. was son of John and Patience (Lippitt) Woolley, son of John Woolley and Mercy (Potter) son of Emanuel (1) Woolley.

Benjamin Woolley Jr. had a sister Sarah Woolley, who died 8; 20; 1759, who married according to Shrewsbury Friends Records 4; 7; 1750, Joseph Jackson, b. 12; 20; 1724 and d. 11; 9; 1798, son of William and Ann Jackson; had children Lydia, Meribah, Benjamin, Sarah and Phoebe Jackson; their father married second, in 1764, Sarah Lawrence.

Catherine's children were all by her first husband, hence children of Edward Patterson Cooke and Catherine were:

108. Ebenezer Cooke b. about 1720, eldest son, learned from will of his father; Ebenezer alive in 1744 when he witnessed marriage of his brother William Cooke to Elizabeth White, evidently unmarried, as only one female of the name of Cooke signed that certificate and she was wife of Job Cooke.

109. William Cooke, b. 8; 7; 1721; d. 9; 22; 1767, md. (1) in Shrewsbury 16; 3; 1741, Elizabeth White, b. 12; 7; 1725 and d. 7; 10; 1750, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth White, at whose house she married, as found on Friends records. Witnesses who signed their marriage certificate on right hand column were:

William Cooke (groom).

Thomas White (father of bride who signed before the deth).

Elizabeth Cooke (bride, as no Elizabeth White signed, her mother did not attend this wedding, yet living, as she did not die until 6; 23; 1760).

Amos White (cousin of bride).

Elizam Cooke (brother of groom).

On left hand column: John Cooke (uncle of groom, being son of Ebenezer Cooke Seur.)

Hannah Cooke (wife of Job and daughter of Peter White).

Samuel White (brother of Amos).

Levi White (half brother of Amos, as he was son of Thomas and his second wife Elizabeth (Cole) White).

Amos White of this wedding party was son of Amos White Seur., marrying in Friends Meeting House of Shrewsbury, N. J., 12th of 11th, md. 1748, Jean or Jane White, daughter of Thomas and Christian White; Jane b. 8; 2; 1722, had brother Thomas b. 18; 4; 1732; and a brother George b. 4; 12; 1721, witnesses to her marriage.

Witnesses who signed marriage certificate of Amos and Jane White, on right hand column were:

Amos and Jean White (bride and groom), Thomas, George, Zephaniah White, Jonathan Stout (brother-in-law of the groom, as he married his sister Leah), Ann White, Elizabeth Hunter, Elizabeth Shewell.

On left hand column: James, Ephraim, Constant, Deborah and Joseph Parker, Britton White (son of Peter Seur.), Mary Millin, Dorothy Chanley, Isaac Hance, Huzekah and George Williams Jr., (sons of George and John) (Williams), the White and Williams families intermarrying.)

As George Williams, b. 1685 and d. 15; 1744, (John (1) Williams and Elizabeth) md. 11; 25; 1708 (John (2) Williams, Thomas), she dying 7; 1; 1729, and George md. again 8; 12; 1730, Mary

(Abbot) Ellis, who d. 8; 2; 1739 (George md. again 11; 25; 1742, Lydia Hewill, then George himself died 16; 1; 1744).

Children of George & John: A. Williams have been given in issue of June 26, 1904; but their son Elizur Williams, their youngest child, b. 8; 3; 1726; d. 1; 1784; md. Ann (Wady, Humphrey) 4; 29; 1750, Ann dying 8; 4; 1794; their ch. were:

1. Humphrey Wady Williams, b. 7; 4; 1761 d. in 2 mos.

2. Mary Williams, b. 9; 7; 1763.

3. Humphrey Williams, b. 29; 4; 1766.

4. Amos Williams, b. 24; 4; 1768, d. 17; 8; 1763.

5. Israel Williams, b. 13; 5; 1760, md. Berthold Woodmance who d. 9; 12; 1800; he d. 10; 8; 1807.

6. Samuel Williams, b. 26; 6; 1762.

7. Sarah Williams, b. 1; 7; 1764 (Friends Records of Shrewsbury).

Two of the name of Thomas White, one with wife Elizabeth, the other with wife Christian, lived and died in Shrewsbury, within a few years of each other, to be given here will cause better understanding of the aforesaid marriages. Children of Thomas and Christian White, taken from Shrewsbury Friends Records were:

1. Margaret White, b. 28; 6; 1718; d. 29; 5; 1730.

2. Mary White, b. 17; 10; 1716; d. 28; 3; 1732.

3. Constant White, b. 29; 1; 1720.

4. George White, b. 4; 12; 1721.

5. Jane White, b. 3; 2; 1722; md. Amos White 12; 11; 1748, and her brothers Thomas, George and sister Ann White attended her wedding, but Zephaniah White who attended was brother of the groom, and Jonathan Stout was his brother-in-law.

6. Am White, b. 18; 2; 1729.

7. Sarah White, b. 15; 5; 1729.

8. Thonette White, b. 18; 4; 1728.

9. Elizabeth White, b. 8; 5; 1725.

10. John White, b. 28; 11; 1728.

(To be continued.)

NORTHWOOD, N. H., DEATHS.

John Durgin, 40 y., Mar. 22, 1826.

Betsy Durgin, of Israel, 1 y., May 5, 1826.

Nancy Davis, of Valentine, 1 y., Sept. 18, 1828.

Charles Durgin, of Israel, 3 y., Sept. 22, 1826.

David Durgin, of Joseph, 20 mos., Sept. 18, 1826.

Mary Durgin, wife of Joseph, 40 y., Sept. 30, 1822.

Olive Demeritt, of John J., 2 y., Mar. 14, 1828.

Dau. of Samuel Drake, 2 y., July 20, 1828.

Child of Valentine Davis, 6 mos., Aug. 30, 1828.

Widow Elliot, 89 y., June 25, 1813.

Mr. Edgerly, 65 y., Nov. 20, 1815.

John Edgerly, 25 y., May 10, 1824.

Joshua Edgerly, 28 y., Apr. 15, 1825.

Samuel Edgerly, 55 y., June 1, 1825.

Child of J. Edmunds, Sept. 24, 1825.

John Foss, 19, 1812.

Mark Foss, Sept. 22, 1811.

Amy Foss, Jan. 10, 1798.

Mark Foss, Jr., May 17, 1804.

Lois Foss, — 1791.

Richard Foss, Mar. 16, 1802.

Elizabeth Foss, Nov. 27, 1807.

Sarah Foss, June 15, 1794.

Jacob Fernald, March 18, 1781.

Anna Fernald, 21 y., Mar. 10, 1794.

Betsy Furbur, 18 y., Sept. 20, 1795.

Enoch Furbur, 1 y., Apr. 10, 1801.

Mrs. Moses Furbur, 31 y., Mar. 6, 1802.

Child of Daniel French, Jan. 12, 1806.

Child of Timothy Fernald, June 10, 1815.

Child of John Foss, Apr. 28, 1816.

Child of Daniel Furbur, 2 y., Aug. 4, 1816.

Bethy Foss, 32 y., May 1, 1817.

Mercy Foss, wife of John, 35 y., June 4, 1822.

Mercy Foss, child, June 5, 1822.

Greenleaf Furbur, 18 mos., Sept. 4, 1822.

John Furbur, 52 y., Feb. 17, 1824.

Dau. of Timothy Fernald, Sept. 17, 1824.

Child of Timothy Fernald, Sept. 19, 1824.

Child of John Foss, 6 y., Sept. 9, 1825.

Child of Timothy Fernald, 6 mos., Sept. 10, 1825.

Child of Nat Ford, 13 days, Aug. 5, 1826.

Charles Fernald, 77 y., Apr. 7, 1828.

Samuel Furbur, 33 y., May 29, 1829.

Capt. Joshua Furbur, 38 y., Apr. 27, 1827.

To be continued.

QUERIES.

5226. GROVER.—In Mrs. Cooke's article last week there was mention of the Grover family of New Jersey, and will she not give the name of Rebecca, who was wife of first James Grover?

Joseph Grover who married Hannah Lawrence left one son James, and was he the father of James, Joseph and Sylvanus, mentioned in New Jersey marriages, New Jersey Archives, 1st series, Vol. XI? Did Safety Grover, son of James and Rebecca, die unmarried?

Who was Alice, wife of James?

Misses Anna and Rebecca Grover?

5227. HAVENS.—The Aylesworth genealogy states that Catherine Havens, b. Dec. 11, 1758, was daughter of Rhodes Havens, of North Kingstown, R. I. She married June 5, 1774, William Aylesworth, son of Arthur Wantad, parentage of Rhodes Havens and his wife.—X. B.

5228. SHEIKMAN.—Ebenezer Sher- man and Catherine Rider, married at Newport, R. I., Mar. 9, 1774. Ebenezer died in Newport, Feb. 9, 1784.

W. S. Arnold received the contract for lighting street lights

5229. BLACKMAR.—I desire information concerning Stephen Blackmar (or Blackmore, as it was formerly spelled).

He was married at Woodstock, Conn., Mar. 4, 1773, to Lydia White, by the Rev. Abel Leonard.

It is quite probable that the family came from Woonsocket, R. I. They had a daughter Susanna, b. Feb. 21, 1780, married Jesse Kelley, and later removing to western New York. Would like the Blackmar ancestry.—G. D. E.

5230. TAYLOR, GOODFELLOW.—Who were the parents of William Tay- lor, of Barnstable, England, and Port- mouth, R. I., who married at the latter place, Oct. 4, 1722, Anne Goodfellow, of Portsmouth? Would like her ancestry.—J. L. S.

5231. LAKE.—Who were the ances- tors of Innocent Lake, married at Port- mouth, R. I., Aug. 14, 1742, to Benjamin Taylor?—J. L. S.